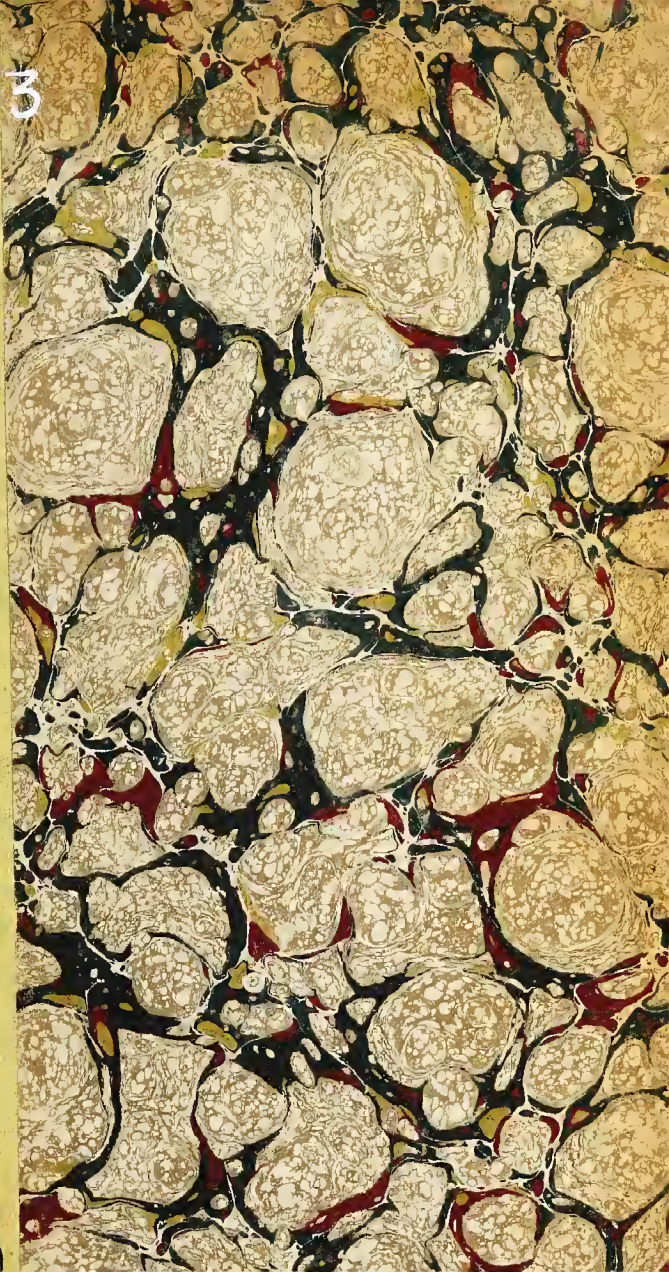
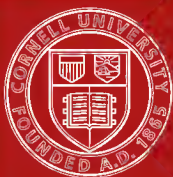


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VERSE-WAIFS.

Y COWDEN-CLARKE

THE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,
PRINTERS,
69 & 70, DEAN STREET, SOHO (W.)

PREFACE.

WHAT time the limbs are stricken powerless,
Condemned to lie inactive till the frame
Recover health, it well beguiles the hours
To let the mind disport itself, and take
Free range 'mid flowers of verse, collecting sweets
Of fancy that refreshment bring, and give
Some exercise of brain at least. So I,
Of late kept prisoner thus, enlargement sought
For spirit ; bidding it take flight among
The buds of Spring, and, like a butterfly,
Find liberty and honey actively,
Yet lightly, gathering these dulcet waifs
Of poesy that strayed into my thought.

A friendly hand hath hived them here in print
For friendly eyes that take delight to mark
The fantasies of Mary Cowden-Clarke.

VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA,
April, 1883.

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PEACE PASSETH PELF.

A QUAIN^t, wise phrase I've heard, by which is meant
That riches are less precious than content
To those who well know how to spend their pence :
Peace passeth Pelf.

A man possessing small amount of wealth,
If he have courage, industry, and health,
Finds pleasure independent of expense :
Peace passeth Pelf.

A cottage home, of rental moderate,
Affords a shelter cosy, adequate,
If taste be there, and care be absent thence :
Peace passeth Pelf.

What if there be but little cash to hoard,
So food and appetite are at the board ?
Arrangement, too, makes all the difference :
Peace passeth Pelf.

A meal set out with order, neatness, grace,
By wife who hath deft hand and pleasant face,
Bestows delight uncostly, yet immense :
Peace passeth Pelf.

A present made from scraps of hoarded lace
 And muslin by a woman-friend, takes place
 Beyond all shop-bought gifts of opulence :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

A friendly hand that cordially doth press,
 A child's spontaneous, freely-given caress,
 Heart-ease from frank forgiveness of offence :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

A bunch of flowers, just gathered from the fields,
 A world of beauty, sweetness, freshness yields,
 And gratifies almost every sense :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

To watch the moon, the stars, the sky, at night ;
 The lights, the shadows, when the sun is bright,
 Gives joy we scarce know how, or why, or whence :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

Yes, one who rightly knows the way to reap
 Enjoyment from great Nature's gifts most cheap,
 Has gained a key to happiness intense :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

While he who on much money sets his mind,
 And can't in simple blessings interest find,
 May have full purse, but proves his brains are
 dense :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

Not heeding whether Stocks or rise or fall,
 Nor whether Dividends are large or small,
 Prevents a load of wearying suspense :
 Peace passeth Pelf.

MEMORIES.

At times, like tone of passing-bell,
They ring a dirge, a mournful knell,
 My old yet youthful memories.

A train of bygone scenes, events,
Leave on my mind deep, painful dents
 From old yet youthful memories.

To think best joys are past and done,
To know best loved are dead and gone,
 Stab old yet youthful memories.

But when in softer, saner mood,
They strengthen me and do me good,
 These old yet youthful memories.

I think how fresh they were and new ;
How true and dear were friends I knew ;
 These old yet youthful memories.

I'm thankful I have had them all,
I'm grateful that I mine can call
 These old yet youthful memories.

They keep me young now I am old,
They keep my heart from growing cold,
 These old yet youthful memories.

I trust that, made hereafter clear,
Will wise and just and right appear
 These old yet youthful memories.

Of facts that puzzle now the brain
We may full knowledge then attain
 In old yet youthful memories.

Meanwhile, I try to comfort take
From dreaming over, when awake,
 These old yet youthful memories.

THE GENTLE LEGEND.

IN Nuremberg an orphan boy lay sick ;
 'Twas Christmas Night, the snow fell fast and thick ;
 A woman-neighbour nursed him, but went out
 To see what other neighbours were about.

The boy looked round the room in which he lay,
 And watched the flicker of the firelight's ray ;
 He restless turned upon his pallet-bed,
 And heard the throbbings of his fevered head.

When suddenly stole over him a calm,
 A sense of blessed, soothing, healing balm :
 He saw the door in silence open wide,
 And through it saw a figure gently glide.

The figure of a child in rags forlorn,
 That hung about it scanty, tattered, torn :
 It creeps before the fire, and holds its hands
 Spread forth to catch the warmth, and silent
 stands.

The boy lay gazing at the stranger child ;
 And seeing it so quiet, softly smiled
 To think how well it made itself at home,
 And seemed delighted that it there had come.

At length he spoke to it, and kindly said :

“ I’m glad you like the fire ; but here’s my bed,
Where you can nestle warm between the sheets ;
You must be tired by wandering in the streets.”

The figure stirred not ; but the rags fell down,
And were replaced by simple milk-white gown ;
The fire-light seemed a nimbus round its head,
While all its form a golden radiance shed.

The boy, amazed, but placidly content,
Kept looking at the sight divinely sent,
Remembering the Legend he had heard
Repeated with a reverential word.

The Legend of the “ Christ-Kind ” wandering out,
Like ragged, homeless beggar round about,
In search of house where he might refuge take,
A refuge given for Charity’s sweet sake.

And when the Christ-Child kindly shelter finds
From frost and snow, and keenly piercing winds—
A shelter hospitably, warmly shown—
The goodly deed a goodly seed hath sown.

Thus when the boy the Vision saw depart,
He felt new courage spring within his heart ;
His fever left him, and, with health renewed,
He piously the “ Christ-Kind ” Legend viewed.

He often thought in after years, with faith,
Upon the Gentle Legend old, that saith
The Christ-Child cometh on a Christmas Night
To those who welcome him with warmth and
light.

THE LILY-LEGEND.

A MODERN-ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE baron started from his fevered sleep ;
 His lady kept her watch by his bedside.
 " I can no longer my dark secret keep,"
 He wildly said ; " in vain I would it hide."

His lady soothed him gently, tried to calm
 Him into silence ; but he spoke again :—
 " It cannot bring my guilty conscience balm ;
 'Tis that bewilders me with gnawing pain."

" Then tell me all ;" she whispering softly, said ;
 " 'Twill ease you, good my lord, to speak the
 truth ;
 To see your restlessness my heart has bled ;
 I would you could find peace, in very sooth."

She screened the watch-light to a softer shade ;
 She changed his propped position to a new ;
 A smoother neatness all around him made,
 And cooled the air with perfume's sprinkled dew.

Then took her seat more closely, that she might
 Bend down her head upon the pillow near ;
 But turned her face a little from his sight,
 That he might know she did not look, but hear.

Her gentle thoughtfulness the baron touched ;
He groaned aloud, and gave a shivering sigh,
Convulsively he at the bedclothes clutched,
And then he uttered a remorseful cry.

“ Alas, sweet wife, how shall I e'er confess
My ruthless deed, my hard and cruel act ;
You know me stern, but you could never guess
This barbarous and most unknighly fact.”

She answered not, but gently pressed his hand :—
“ Ah, how can I be sure you still would clasp
That hand, if you but knew the sinful brand
That marks indelibly its iron grasp ? ”

She pressed his hand more firmly yet, and said :—
“ I know that hand hath given alms and food ;
It even hath, in snow, the small birds fed :
The hand that does these things is surely good.

“ If it be stained with some regretted deed,
The deed must needs have been unwitting done ;
If 'twere so done, in hot and hasty speed,
It surely is a pardonable one.”

“ 'Twas thus,” the baron said. “ You know the
wood
That lies not far from hence ; I hunted there :
For hours I motionless and breathless stood,
To watch a cleft some beast had made its lair.

“ When suddenly a village child came by ;
I motioned to it to be still ; but no,
It gave a loud shrill scream, a startled cry :
The roused beast, rushing out, escaped my bow.

“To stop the child’s loud shriek, I’d caught its throat :

A gurgling moan,—and then the spirit fled ;
The small white body on the green earth smote ;
I saw it fall, I saw it drop stone dead !

“I dug a grave beneath the old oak tree,
I laid the little corse within the mould ;
But not before I saw red droplets three
Upon the dimpled chin, so white, so cold !”

“I’ve never dared to go there since that day ;
But, oh, my wife ! just now in fevered dream,
I saw, as if in glare of noontide ray,
The very spot, and heard the child’s loud scream.

“I saw the mound beneath the old oak tree ;
But on the mound there grew a lily white,
Its whiteness smirched with crimson droplets
three :
An ominous, a truly piteous sight !”

The baron shuddered, as he ceased to speak ;
His gentle lady dried his moistened brow,
Then whispered in her voice so loving, meek :—
“Take courage, dear my lord ; try sleeping now.”

There stole upon him slumber long and sweet ;
And when he woke, his fever, lo ! was gone.
His lady tended him with care so feat,
That soon her nursing task was past and done.

The first time she could leave him, she went straight
Into the village and at once sought out
A peasant couple who, she’d heard of late,
Had lost a child in wandering about.

The story ran, their child had strayed away,
And, not returning home, it was believed
A wolf had eaten him that very day
He wandered in the wood; and deep they grieved.

The lady gave them sympathy and aid ;
She gave them their old cottage home for life, .
A modest pension, too, she kindly paid,
That comforted the husband and the wife.

Soon after this, she one day went alone
Into the wood, and under the oak tree
She saw the mound with lily white as stone,
And on the lily crimson droplets three.

Then, when the baron gathered strength and
health,
She counselled him to have the lily ta'en,
With all the pomp commanded by his wealth,
Unto the church and near the altar lain.

The long procession passed the castle gate,
With splendour and with solemn music-tones ;
A train of knights and ladies in great state,
And choristers who chanted antiphones.

The baron and his lady, side by side,
In richly jewelled garments followed near
A canopy of purple velvet wide,
Where underneath a lily did appear.

A troop of stalwart men-at-arms next came,
And staunch retainers of the broad domain ;
Then followed peasantry of lowly fame,
But hearty folk of good old English strain.

At length they reach the sacred portal arch,
And at the altar's foot the lily's laid ;
The choristers around the aisles slow march,
While grandly pealing forth the organ played.

A hundred tapers star-like shine around ;
The church is sparkling like the sea-wave foam
With gems that on the lordly robes abound,
And streams of sunshine slanting from the dome.

Amid the blaze of this surrounding light
The central lily all can clearly see ;
Its petals like the swan-down, snowy white,
On which lay, strangely, crimson droplets three.

But while the acolytes their censers swung,
And clouds of fragrant incense filled the space,
With vapour dense that darkly shrouding hung,
Behold, a wondrous miracle took place.

No sooner had the misty perfume cleared,
And light restored allowed them all to see,
Than there the lily to their eyes appeared,
Pure, spotless, free from crimson droplets three.

Upon the altar was the mystic flower
Upraised ; and there it lay beneath the shrine
So long as it survived ; till came the hour
When, shrivelled up, it lost its snow-white shine.

Then, when the lily withered quite away,
The baron caused a silver lily tall
Be placed as votive off'ring there alway,
Three priceless rubies on the pedestal.

THE KNIGHT'S PROBATION.

A MODERN-ANCIENT BALLAD.

A GENTLE lady loved a brave young knight :
 He'd jousted for her at the tournament,
 Proclaimed her 'bove all lady-stars most bright,
 Declared his lady-love where'er he went.

Their ancestors had been at deadly feud ;
 Their fathers now were still acknowledged foes ;
 Each generation enmity renewed ;
 Old wounds kept open thus are hard to close.

Her father was a baron, lordly, rough :
 He told his daughter he would ne'er allow
 The marriage ; told her it was quite enough
 For her to know his will : he'd made a vow.

A vow that he would never give consent
 Until her lover's truth she'd fully proved ;
 And not alone his faith remain unbent,
 But hers in him should still remain unmoved.

The gentle lady smiled a placid smile ;
 She knew her knight all trust did well deserve,
 She knew him free from fickleness or guile ;
 She said his faith, she knew, could never swerve.

To try her to the utmost, she was kept
In upper chamber of a turret high ;
In this she lived, in this she ate and slept ;
Her window looked out only on the sky.

But that sufficed her ; gave her ample light
For her embroidery, at which she worked
With diligence, that by its help she might
Enliven thoughts when sadness near them lurked.

Moreover, she could contemplate the wide
Expanse of firmament that spread before
Her eyes ; enjoy the shifting hues that glide
Through space, and let imagination soar.

By day she watched the sunshine, or the clouds ;
And when they thickened into pattering rain,
She watched the water-drops, in glittering crowds,
Run mimic races down the window-pane.

By night she watched the radiant stars and
moon,
That shed a blessing on her trusting heart ;
And when they veiled their splendour, still a boon
She found in seeing the sky from them apart.

She saw its blue serene in weather fine ;
She saw its deep mysterious darkness shroud
The canopy that each way doth incline,
Still visible when mist prevails and cloud.

She thanked great Heaven in her hourly prayers,
That this supreme delight was left her still,
To look upon its face 'mid all her cares,
Its glorious face that black despair doth kill.

It gave her comfort, courage, and good strength
To bear captivity, to cherish trust ;
She felt she could endure through any length
Of time, since bear imprisonment she must.

One early dawn, she watched the rosy hue
That soft pervades the sky ere herald gold
Proclaims the sunrise to enrich the blue ;
The air was brightly clear, and crisply cold.

So early 'twas, no one was stirring yet :
The lady saw approach a fluttering bird,
That soon she knew to be her knight's own pet,—
A pretty dove, with feathers white as curd.

She oped the window silently : in flew
The dove : it perched upon her hand, and seemed
To like its perch ; for passing well it knew
The lady whom its lord the fairest deemed.

And still it perched, and fluttering raised its wing
The lady saw beneath what forth she drew,—
A folded letter that enclosed a ring :
No sooner done, than off the white dove flew.

She pressed the letter to her lips, then read
It eagerly ; it gave assurance strong
Of love unchanged, of faith that ever fed
On hope, and bravely bore this absence long.

She hid away the letter and the ring,
Close nestled in her bosom fair and soft ;
So near her heart, they made it inward sing ;
The letter was re-read again full oft.

One day, the baron stalked into her room ;
Behind him followed a strange man, so grim,
So hard, so ruffian-like, she thought her doom
Decreed ; but steadfastly she looked at him.

The man's eye quailed beneath her steady glance ;
Her father bit his lip to see her ease,
But sternly bade the man at once advance,
And tell the tale he knew would little please.

For it recounted how this man had seen
Her knight with worthless losels spend his time ;
How, many idle days and nights, he'd been
'Mong hirelings dissolute, and lived in crime.

It tried his gentle lady to persuade
That he had wallowed in this moral filth ;
That he'd been actually seen to wade
In gaming, drunkenness, and wasteful spilth.

It added, that her knight had lately worn
The colours of another lady in his helm ;
And loudly, in the face of all, had sworn
She was the fairest lady in the realm.

His lady, with her face assured and bright,
Said, in a voice quite firm, yet sweet and low
" 'Tis false ; I hold my faith in my brave knight
I know him true, and I can prove him so."

The baron sneered, and flung away in ire ;
The man sneaked after him, like beaten cur ;
The gentle lady felt her heart on fire,
To hear her knight belied with scurril slur.

But soon she grew more cool, more soothed, more calm ;

She drew her letter forth, and re-perused
Its lines that shed their re-assuring balm,
As to believe him false her soul refused.

At early dawn next day the dove returned,
And greeted her again with letter new ;
Again it brought her words that glowing burned,
And while she read them, off the white dove
flew.

And many times she smoothed its snowy plumes,
Held out her finger for its coral feet
To clasp ; for many times the dove resumes
Its visits to the gentle lady sweet.

But always at the dawn, when no one save
The lady was astir, the dove still came
And went ; the wingèd messenger still gave
A letter to the happy captive dame.

Yet, ah, at times, her happiness was marred
By efforts made to shake her faith and trust ;
The baron still from liberty debarred
His gentle daughter, thinking yield she must.

And still he brought her witnesses engaged
To swear against the knight some treacherous
act,
Or base misconduct ; but her father raged
To find she ever kept her faith intact.

At last his patience, though not hers, gave way ;
He burst into her chamber, roughly asked
If still she thus persisted here to stay,
Unmoved by proofs of falseness slyly masked.

“ You talk of proofs, my father,” she replied ;
“ What if not you, but I, have proofs to give ?
I'll show you tokens, not to be denied,
A truer knight than mine there does not live.”

“ Where are these proofs ? ” the baron fierce
exclaimed ;
“ Pray, how can you have any tokens gained
That your dear knight has been defamed ?
Have proofs from out the sky down on you
rained ? ”

“ Just so,” she smiling answered ; “ from the
sky
Have come to me undoubted proofs ; e'en you,
My father, must admit them valid ; my
Own faith holds good ; and he to me keeps
true.”

The baron laughed aloud : “ Commend me to
A woman's fond credulity ! ay, and
Her wilful, headstrong obstinacy too !
However, mistress daughter, here's my hand.”

“ I will abide by my own taken vow ;
And if you show me proofs you say you might,
The marriage I've forbid I will allow ;
And even try to like your chosen knight.”

She clasped his hand with sudden happy cry,
And thanked him for his generous, kindly words :
“ I told you, father, proofs came from the sky ;
The angel-form that brought them was a bird's.”

She showed him all the letters and the ring ;
She told him they were sent by her true knight ;
Described them found beneath the fluttering wing
Of dove with coral feet and feathers white.

The baron laughed again, and said he knew
True love was sure to have its will some way :
“ And so, there's nothing left for me to do,
But let you both appoint your wedding day.”

THE MOOR.

A MODERN-ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE sky was clouded o'er, the sun was low,
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 There flapped and cawed a solitary crow,
 The level flat lay wide, the air was chill,
 A dark grey mist was on the distant hill.

I swiftly crept along, and hurried past
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 The old churchyard—my heart was beating fast—
 I would not see the gleaming spectral stones,
 I would not think that under them lay bones.

I would not let myself or glance or fear ;
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 I only sought at rapid pace to clear
 The way that led to the appointed place
 Where I should meet him surely face to face.

We met,—our meeting was as gloomy, grim
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 As that murk twilight scene, so chill, so dim ;
 Reprisal, misconception, hard truths told
 To one another, made it worse than cold.

'Twas sharp recrimination, bitter, strong ;
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 Reproachful retrospect of mutual wrong ;
 We neither of us spared to utter aught
 We in that hour of blinded passion thought.

In angry blunt retorts, in tauntings fierce,
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 In words that through and through the heart's core
 pierce,
 In words that take a lifetime to repent,
 That miserable meeting-time was spent.

Abrupt we broke away,—we took no leave,—
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 My knight rode swiftly off ; I could perceive
 His steel-clad figure like a meteor flash
 Athwart the mist and past the stunted ash.

No sooner was he gone, than scorpion-like
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 Arose within my breast remorse to strike
 Its fangs deep, deep, at thought of all I'd said,
 Of all he'd said ; and inwardly I bled.

Ay, inwardly ; for, on the surface, still
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 I fancied I rejoiced that we had will
 To tell each other straight what we had spoken
 Without reserve, and that our troth was broken.

A long and melancholy time went by ;
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
 I heard he was abroad, in battle : I
 Believed I cared not ; till the news that he
 Was wounded, dying, came across the sea.

Then burned upon me like a scorching fire
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
The fact that my vindictive hard-shown ire
 It was that chiefly erred, and drove him forth
 To meet his death. At last I knew his worth.

I knew his worth : I felt that it was my
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
Unworthiness, my want of faith to try
 By patience and forbearance, quiet waiting
 To hear excuse, his plea for wrath abating.

Reproaches now fell on myself ; my heart
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
Acquitted him of blame, and all the smart
 Of wrong committed—now, I felt, by me,
 Not him—was mine in helpless misery.

I wandered sadly, wildly, to and fro
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
About our meeting-place, in speechless woe :
 I o'er and o'er recalled the cruel scene,
 When we the last time had each other seen.

I heard again the harsh and bitter things
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
We said to one another, echoings
 Of words that never now could be atoned ;
 And at the thought distractedly I groaned.

One night, a night of darkness, raging storm,
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor !)
A night when nothing could be seen, no form
 Of bush, or tree, or churchyard stone, or track,
 I rambled far around, and rambled back.

Still back, and ever back, to that same spot—
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor!)
 In darkest depth of midnight I could not
 Have missed my way to it—where we had met :
 A patch of earth with marshy ooziings wet.

A dismal, damp, and solitary place ;
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor!)
 But it was there I last had seen his face :
 I could not keep away from it ; and when
 I sought it, wept, and wept, and wept again.

The storm still raged ; the clouds sent out a flash ;
 ('Tis dreary on the lonely Moor!)
 I saw a something clad in steel swift dash
 Across the plain ; I heard a courser fleet ;
 And then the steel-clad form sank at my feet.

“ Forgive me, lady mine ! Ah, gracious dame ! ”
 (It is not dreary on the Moor!)
 I heard the voice I knew so well exclaim ;
 “ I come to sue for pardon, now I see
 How merciless I was that night to thee.

“ I saw it first,” he said, “ when I was left ”
 (No longer dreary on the Moor!)
 “ For dead, by Saracenic blade sharp cleft ;
 I saw it clearly as I wounded lay,
 And thought how far my lady was away.

“ How far from chance of asking her to pray ”
 (No longer dreary on the Moor!)
 “ For me, forgive what I'd the heart to say
 That hapless evening, when apart we fell,
 Without a word of kindness or farewell.

“ To find thee on this very spot where we ”

(No longer dreary on the Moor !)

“ Last saw each other, gives a hope to me
: Thou canst not be relentless. Oh, forgive !
Without thy pardon, sweet, I cannot live.”

“ Forgive thee, dear my knight ! ’Tis I should
seek ”

(No longer dreary on the Moor !)

“ Forgiveness ; I, unwomanly, unmeek
That night, now gently, fondly ask of you
To interchange forgiveness, troth renew.”

He started up, and clasped me to his breast,
(Nor drear, nor lonely, now the Moor !)

Oh, bliss of mutual pardon, wrong confess’d !
The sky had cleared, the storm had passed away,
And in the East were signs of coming day.

“ See, see, my love ! ” he said, “ the morning
dawns ! ”

(Pale azure’s o’er the quiet Moor !)

“ A rosy light is on the distant lawns :
Oh, grant me, lady mine, my dearest boon,
Thy hand ; let us be wedded ere ’tis noon.”

He read my smiling answer in my eyes,
(There’s radiance on the peaceful Moor !)

He read it by the glory of sunrise :
We sought the little chapel there hard by,
Our hands were joined for ever and for aye.

THE MAD MOTHER'S SONG.

A BORDER BALLAD.

THE well is dark, and the well is deep ;
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
 What's there lies sleeping a deadly sleep.
 I wander round and around it still ;
 What if my tears should at last it fill ?

'Twas he, Black Douglas, that killed my child—
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
 'Twas he that strangled my baby mild,
 Then cast it in, with a brutal scoff,
 His men and he riding lightly off.

I wander vainly about the place,
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
 I gaze therein, I gaze into space,
 But never once can my baby see ;
 He's hidden darkly, too deep for me.

Last night a glimmering silver star,—
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
 Perchance 'tis where murder'd babies are,—
 I saw that star, and it seem'd to be
 A balm to me in my misery.

My baby's eyes, that were brighter far
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
Than e'en that silvery beaming star,
 I think I see them look up at me,
 As down I peer ; but away they flee.

They daze me, baffle me, evermore
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
They twinkling shine as they did before ;
 Then melt away, and again are lost,
 Amid those ripples of water tost.

Those rippling waters that blur and blot
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
My baby's eyes, till I see them not,
 Or see them only by starts and fits ;
 Those cruel waters have stol'n my wits.

My wits are drown'd with my baby dear ;
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
I see it now, in a vision clear.
 What then ? My tears, my wits, if you will,
 Would they but serve the deep well to fill.

Fill up, fill up the well to the brim ;
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
See if 'twill float to the top and swim
 My babe once more to his mother's arms,
 Safe, safe for ever, from chance of harms.

This may not be, for the well's too deep ;
 (*Ah, woe is me ! look into the well*)
But since my baby is there asleep,
 I'll seek its waves, and I'll try if they
 Will hide my babe and myself away.
 Ah, woe is me ! look *not* in the well.

A PARTING.

HE held my hand—I knew that we must part—
 With me lay all the seeming cause for blame—
 (He must have heard the beating of my heart!)—
 On me fell all the anguish and the shame ;
 And yet I might not, dared not, then explain.

No, not quite all,—I saw that he too shared
 My anguish and deplored what he believed
 To be my shame ; he would have gently spared
 Reproach, although he thought he'd been
 deceived ;
 And yet I might not, dared not, then explain.

Oh, cruel look ! that stabbed me with its mute
 Forgiveness ! look more keenly felt by me
 For granting pardon, when the sense acute
 Was mine that I from all deceit was free ;
 And yet I might not, dared not, then explain.

He waited patiently for me to speak ;
 I could not ; stricken motionless and dumb,
 I only raised my eyes to his in meek
 Appeal, as I stood strangely cold and numb ;
 I knew I might not, dared not, then explain.

He stooped,—I felt his lips upon my eyes ;
 “ I trust your eyes,” at length he firmly said ;
 “ Some sad mistake, some tyranny unwise,
 To this unhappy mystery has led ;
 I see, you think you ought not to explain.”

A momentary joy flashed from my look ;
 He read its meaning, with his just and clear
 Discernment, as he might have read a book ;
 “ Poor child ! ” he said, “ they’re hard upon you,
 dear,
 Forbidding you to candidly explain.”

His confidence in me, his manly trust,
 His judging me so leniently, so true
 To what was in my heart, with such a just
 Perception of the fact, gave courage new,
 Though yet I might not, dared not, then explain.

My impulse was to cast me on his breast,
 To pour out all my gratitude and love,
 To feel myself for evermore at rest ;
 But this I could not do or even move,
 Since yet I might not, dared not, then explain.

He understood e’en this,—my silence still,
 When he so generously had construed
 My hard-kept reticence. “ I never will,”
 He said, “ constrain you, urge you, or obtrude
 My wish—for both our sakes—that you’d
 explain.

“ I wait your own good time, your power to speak ;
 Meanwhile, remember, love, I’m yours and you
 Are mine ; no sundering on earth shall break
 The faith that has been pledged between us two,
 Though years may pass before you can explain.”

He spoke with tone enforcedly made calm,—
The passionate despair beneath it thrilled
Me to the core,—in both there was a balm
For me ; I saw he deeply felt, but willed
To seem contented till I could explain.

He gazed into my piteous pleading eyes
That looked the inward pangs I could not speak,
He let his tell me all that hidden lies
Within the heart that feels as if 'twould break ;
And even yet I might not dare explain.

He loosed my hand—'twas thus we two then
parted ;
We've never seen each other since that day :
For me, I strove to seem not broken-hearted,
For sake of others, when he went away ;
And lived on hope I might some day explain.

If not on earth, in Heaven, I humbly trust,
I may be granted to reveal the whole
To him, and tell him how his nobly just
Reliance on my truth revived my soul,
Supporting it till I might all explain.

THE ADVENTUROUS ELF.

A SILVER line across the dark blue sea
 Made pathway from the moon unto the shore ;
 An enterprising elf audaciously
 Now put in practice what he'd wished before.

He'd often seen the slanting moonshine stream
 Into the wood he dwelt in, and he'd thought
 How he should like to climb along that beam,
 Till he its mysteries had fully sought.

And now it struck him he could safely try
 Th' adventure : lightly, swiftly, he did skim
 Along and up the pathway to the sky ;
 A feat not very difficult to him.

For elves are made of such prodigious strength,
 Though they are buoyant, slight, and tiny too,
 They're capable of going any length
 In feats impossible to me or you.

So up and up he flitted to the top ;
 Then turned to give a downward look at earth,
 While quietly he thought that he would stop
 Ere peeping where he now expected mirth.

But 'twas not mirth he felt when in he gazed ;
'Twas rather pure astonishment, surprise,
At all the marvels he beheld amazed
When thus they met his little elfin eyes.

He saw vast heaps of costly precious things ;
Lost wits, lost hopes, lost loves, lost vows, lost
gifts,
Lost promises, lost letters, watches, rings ;
Some missing, some unkept, some dropped in
rifts.

He saw grand libraries consumed by flames,
Lost to the world these priceless treasures
rare ;
Estates, large fortunes, lost at hazard games,
Staked on a card, or won by trick unfair.

By books in myriads his eyes were met,
Left unreturned to owners ; what was worse,
Odd volumes mostly, spoiling a whole set ;
Much crueller than non-return of purse.

He saw lost opportunities by scores ;
Lost links of thought, unheeded unpaid bills ;
Lost threads of conversation, snapped by bores ;
And piles of musty parchment, long-lost wills.

He saw large numbers of lost pedigrees ;
Important papers thrown away as trash ;
Lost title-deeds, lost leases, and lost fees,
Lost property, lost pocket-books, lost cash.

Lost time in sad abundance he saw there ;
Neglected, wasted, hours, days, weeks, months,
years,
Allowed to slip by almost unaware,
Too late their loss bemoaned with bitter tears.

Lost reputation, character, or skill,
Proficiency, dexterity, all things
Whose loss doth damp the courage, and doth kill
The heart, and from endeavour plucks the wings.

He saw a crowd of people lost in thought,
In wonder, in the doldrums, in reflection ;
In fits of absence or of musing caught ;
In moody silence, or in deep dejection.

He saw dogs, parrots, monkeys, squirrels, pets
Of all description, advertised as lost
With promise of reward that showed the frets
Of losers, quite resolved to spare no cost.

He saw a lot of handkerchiefs, and sticks,
Umbrellas, parasols, gloves, fans, and hats,
Five millions, certainly ; more likely six ;
And balls in quantities, and cricket-bats.

He saw lost thimbles, memoranda, keys,
That seem mere trifles and mere nothing cost ;
But articles that sorely people tease,
When they're by carelessness mislaid or lost.

He saw a twinkling object, that seemed far
At times, and then more near ; uncertain, dim :
By some considered the lost Pleiad star,
By others thought an astronomic whim.

He saw lost scraps, strange odds and ends, mere bits ;

He saw a host of scattered waifs and strays ;
Orlando's senses, with Astolfo's wits,
And sad Ophelia's brains, lost by her craze,

And Edgar Ravenswood, in quicksand lost,
His sable feather washed to Caleb's feet ;
He saw King Lear's white hairs in tempest tost ;
And, lost in Comus' wood, the Lady sweet.

He saw the pair of Babes lost in the wood,
By cruel Uncle left to perish there ;
Their bodies covered o'er with leaves by good
Small Robin Redbreasts, taking tender care.

The noted " Man " with faggot-load and dog ;
Rich children stolen for their clothes and hair ;
Poor creatures lost in snow, or bog, or fog ;
All these he saw in queer collection there.

He saw the celebrated spoon and fork
The " Magpie " to the belfry bore away,
Which cost the " Maid " her life : in *fact*, sad work ;
But pretty in an opera or play.

He saw the pin that Barbarina seeks
In that descriptive song Mozart composed ;
He saw the stitches, of which Homer speaks,
Penelope unpicked from work supposed.

He saw fair Proserpine, snatched off by Dis :
Lost to her mother, Ceres, by mistake
Of eating some pomegranate seeds ; I wis,
A small misdeed so great mishap to make.

He saw Eurydice from Orpheus torn
To Hades ; lyre in hand, the husband roved,
With hope to save, into those realms forlorn ;
But, looking back, he lost the wife he loved.

He saw the Danaides' lost labour spent
In pouring water vainly through a sieve ;
He saw the money borrowers call *lent*,
But 'counted *lost* by those who feel they give.

He saw the marble of Pygmalion,
He saw the Huntress-Queen in all her glory,
He saw the shepherd-boy, Endymion,
And saw the early-lost who sang their story.

The early-lost young poet, Keats, who felt
The daisies growing o'er his Roman grave ;
He saw lost happiness in lost faith melt,
And saw great ships that sank beneath the wave.

He saw again the Latmos shepherd fair,
Again the Goddess of the bow and quiver ;
Together still appeared this far-famed pair :
And then he saw a sight that made him shiver.

A row of vampires in the moonlight placed
When dead, that they might come to life again,
And seek fresh victim-brides to suit their taste,
Who might be coolly sacrificed and slain.

Engrossed in watching all these curious things,
The elf transfixed with puzzled wonder stood ;
He tried in vain to solve his marvellings,
And would have found their meaning if he could.

He started when, with laughter not unkind,
Diana sent, sharp whizzing through the air,
An arrow, not to wound, but to remind
Him he's considered an intruder there.

Moreover, she withdrew the moon's bright beam :
The elf, dismayed, beheld the fading track,
And wondered, with involuntary scream,
How ever he should manage to get back.

It flashed upon his mind, that he too might
Be lost, and join the lost things in the moon ;
He shuddered as he looked from left to right,
With scarce a hope to find some saving boon.

A friendly star, close by, threw out a ray
Across the sea, and reaching to the shore ;
The elf sprang over, gained the shimmering way,
Resolved, once back, to venture there no more.

Meanwhile, he thanked the star for timely aid,
And told it he had now a lesson learned :—
“ Far better I content at home had stayed,
Than spy in matters where I'm not concerned.

“ For why should I, a little woodland elf,
Attempt to wander out of my own sphere ?
Much wiser I should look into myself,
Than into other folks to pry and peer.

“ 'Tis clear there are some mysteries not meant
For our small comprehension here below ;
We must accept them as they're vaguely sent,
And wait for future time, when we shall know.”

Thus sagely ending, our adventurous elf
Tripped back to his dear sheltered sylvan
nook :
With draught of honey-dew refreshed himself ;
And, tired with travel, a long nap he took.

[See Ariosto's description of Astolfo's journey to the Moon ;
where things lost on earth are collected.]

BARBAROUS BARBARA.

SHE plagues me, she enraptures me ;
 Enslaves me, yet she leaves me free ;
 She bids me go, yet makes me stay ;
 Perplexes me in every way ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She nothing does but act surprise ;
 She little says but with her eyes ;
 Affects amazement when I try
 To tell her for her love I die ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She constantly of me makes game ;
 All coolness, when I'm burning flame ;
 She laughs when I can only sigh,
 And when I smile, pretends to cry ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She's changeable from morn to night,
 She is my torment, my delight ;
 I swear that I will her forswear,
 Yet can't from her my fancy tear ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She knows her power, she knows its might ;
I cannot bear her from my sight :

 Were I to cast allegiance off,
 She would not care, she'd merely scoff ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She steals my senses, little witch !
She makes me poor, but I feel rich
 If she the slightest kindness shows,
 Or single glance on me bestows ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She's tantalising, she's capricious,
And yet unspeakably delicious ;
 She varies like an April day,
 But she is sweet as flowery May ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

She troubles every hour of life,
And yet I wish her for my wife ;
 She agitates my every breath,
 And yet I'd have her till my death ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

I lose my judgment, lose my wit,
All for this captivating chit ;
 She does me far less good than harm, .
 And yet I can't resist her charm ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

I fear that I'm an arrant fool
To let her thus my feelings rule ;
 But, ne'ertheless, it is quite true,
 If you were me, you'd do so too,
 Bewitched by barbarous Barbara !

Why should a man be such an ass ?
 But so it is ; so let that pass :
 As long as girls are what they are,
 We can't help making them our star.
 Bewitching barbarous Barbaras !

We're planet-struck, we're lunatics,
 We worship all their pretty tricks ;
 More pranks they play, more we admire,
 And never of their antics tire ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbaras !

They're dangerous, they're what-you will,
 We cannot help adoring still ;
 Their wicked wiles we penetrate,
 Yet make them mistress of our fate ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbaras !

They're perilous in the extreme,
 And most so when they thoughtless seem ;
 They're meditating mischief then
 To us poor doomed unthinking men ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbaras !

They have no mercy for us weak
 Defenceless creatures, whom they seek
 Alternately to check and lure
 Until we're in their bonds secure,
 Bewitching barbarous Barbaras !

If we were wise,—which we are not,—
 We'd counterplot their little plot ;
 We'd show them we see through their arts,
 And keep a guard upon our hearts
 Against these barbarous Barbaras !

But, ah ! it's very well to preach ;
I cannot practise what I teach ;
 I know the moment that I come
 Into her presence, I succumb
 To 'witching barbarous Barbara !

I give it up as hopeless task
To cure myself : so I shall ask
 Her if she will attempt my cure
 By turning prim, precise, demure ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

And yet 'twere pity thus to spoil
Her native grace, and Nature foil ;
 Best leave her as she is, and gain
 Her, if I can, at risk of pain ;
 Bewitching barbarous Barbara !

Perchance, if she were won to love,
She might be constant as a dove ;
 On this one hope I'll stake my all,
 And do my best mine own to call
 The bland, not barbarous Barbara !

THE RUBY RING.

I GAVE my love a ruby ring,
 A pretty little heart-shaped thing ;
 I hoped she'd wear it for my sake,
 But she would not this promise make.
Alas, my ruby ring !

She only shut it in its box,
 And threw it 'mid some half-knit socks
 She had in hand for Baby Ben,
 Her brother, sixteen months and ten.
Alas, my ruby ring !

She treated lightly thus my gift,—
 I saw her wicked little drift,—
 To see if I were hurt, or vexed,
 Or, at the very least, perplexed
About my ruby ring.

I did not choose to sink so low
 As any petulance to show ;
 I turned away, and seemed to look
 Into an interesting book.
Alas, my ruby ring !

At last he gave it such a thwack
That suddenly the spring gave back ;
The box flew open, open wide ;
But, lo ! there nothing was inside :
No, not my ruby ring !

My love one instant looked annoyed ;
Then with her knitting-needles toyed ;
Then hummed a little careless tune,
Like feathered warbler heard in June.
Alas, my ruby ring !

“ If rings 'mong half-knit socks be tost,”
I said, “ 'tis likely they'll be lost.”
She answered with provoking smile,
“ To look for it is scarce worth while.”
Alas, my ruby ring !

“ 'Tis but mislaid, 'twill soon be found ;
The housemaid, when she's sweeping round,
Will likely find and bring it then,
To put it in its box for Ben.”
Alas, my ruby ring !

Soon tiring of his plaything, he
Began to climb his sister's knee ;
And ruffled all her ringlets fair
That matched his own bright golden hair.
Alas, my ruby ring !

He twitched a ribbon round her neck,—
She tried the baby hand to check ;—
But harder pulled the little Turk,
And out he dragged with sudden jerk
The missing ruby ring !

ONE DAY.

It chanced, one day, when I was young—
 Oh, by the bye, one likes to hear
 The words “one day” when listening to
 A story; something new seems near.

Well then, it chanced when I was young—
 How young I was! but just fifteen;
 I well remember that, because
 They said ’twas “sweet,” and called me Queen.

I said, “*they* said”; but it was *he*
 That said so, called me so: but—well—
 I haven’t yet my story told,
 Though really I have one to tell.

Ay, “sweet fifteen,” and his “May-Queen”
 Were actually his charming words;
 I heard them clearly on that day
 Amid the singing of the birds.

For birds were there! ’Twas in the grove
 Just near our garden; we had strayed
 Beyond the gate, while all the rest
 At games of ball alertly played.

For Croquet then was not in vogue ;
Lawn Tennis hadn't yet come in :
At battledore and shuttlecock,
" La grace," or ball, they used to win.

I played myself—well, rather well—
At all these games—at least, at most—
Though certainly, as matter o' course,
I shouldn't wish to seem to boast.

I recollect that day I wore
A muslin frock and white chip hat ;
I must have looked a perfect duck,
Though p'rhaps I oughtn't to say that.

Yet, after all, you will allow
And can't deny, the truth's the truth ;
Besides, you know, I speak of when
I was a girl in early youth.

Ah, happy youth ! How pleasant, how
Delightful, hopeful, bright, and gay,
Seems everything from morn to night,
As time fleets speedily away !

But, to return to that strange chance
Which I have tried so long to tell :
It was a curious chance, indeed,
Which on that very day befell.

We'd reached the grove, and there sat down
Upon a mossy seat beneath
A spreading tree ; and then I wove,
Of wild flowers I had culled, a wreath.

I'm fond of wild-flowers ; nay, almost
More fond of them than garden-flowers :
They seem to grow without a care
Of theirs, and needing none of ours.

My wreath was now completed round :
I held it daintily before
My eyes ; and then I lightly twined
It on the simple hat I wore.

'Twas then he called me his May-Queen :
I smiled ; he laughed ; and then we heard
The sound of laughter echoed there
In merry note of every bird.

A joyous time, a heedless time,
A time without a single thought,
Of anything but boy and girl
Affection : only that we sought.

I jumped up from my mossy throne ;
And both proposed to have a race ;
We ran till we were out of breath,
And then returned to the same place.

A lovely place it was ; so soft
The grass, so mossy, and so green ;
So grand the tall beech tree ; its boughs
Swept low, and made a leafy screen.

We stayed there willingly awhile
To take a good long lounging rest ;
And watched a pair of busy birds
That fed their young ones in the nest.

Then, as we lingered watching there,
A sudden startling sound we heard ;
A sound that made my blood run cold,
While my companion said no word.

And now I come to that strange chance ;
But what it was I will not say.
I own I'm tired with talking now ;
I'll leave it till another day.

LOVE IN HIDING.

I SPOKE of him to her, my friend :
 (How could I know he was so near ?)
 I said, all good in him did blend ;
 I had not known he was so dear.

I owned I found him noble, true ;
 (How could I know he was so near ?)
 Quite openly I said, how few
 I'd known so worthy to be dear.

I told her, while he was away
 (I little thought he was so near !)
 I learned why I had wished he'd stay
 And hear me tell him he was dear.

I told her, he had told me once
 (I little thought he was so near !)
 He loved me : like a little dunce,
 I'd said, I did not think him dear.

He'd answered he would wait and find
 (I little thought he was so near !)
 If I should chance to change my mind ;
 A time might come I'd think him dear.

I'd made reply ; 'twas girlish, curt ;
 (I little thought he was so near !)
He went : and then I feared I'd hurt
 One I already felt was dear.

As I spoke thus, my voice was low ;
 (I little thought that he could hear !)
My words had set my cheek aglow :
 (I little thought he saw me clear !)

She gave a smile, a quick glance round ;
 And then I saw that he was near :
My heart gave one half-angry bound
 To know he knew I held him dear.

I asked my friend how could she let
 Him stealthy lurk concealed so near ;
How could she traitorly abet
 My freely owning he was dear.

She merely laughed and ran away :
 He came at once to me so near,
His eyes with happiness so gay,
 I could not help his being dear.

He made so good, so clear a case,
 Explaining how he'd been so near,
No wonder that a frank embrace
 Soon told each other we were dear.

A DREAM-MAN.

I SEE a man of graceful figure tall ;
 (I see him often in my dreams :)
A man of moral courage, candid, bold ;
A man with iron mind and heart of gold.

I see a man of strength and tenderness ;
 (I see him often in my dreams :)
A man of steady energy, yet mild ;
A man could help, but could not hurt a child.

I see a man of cheerful aspect, kind ;
 (I see him often in my dreams :)
I wish I saw him in my daily life,
And that he'd ask me to become his wife.

A DREAM-WOMAN.

I SEE a woman graceful, shapely, bright ;
 (I see her often in my dreams :)
A woman like the virgin lily pure ;
A woman sensible and firm and sure.

I see a woman simple, modest, frank ;
 (I see her often in my dreams :)
A woman full of feeling, gentle, kind ;
A woman of as firm a heart as mind.

I see a woman with a pleasant face ;
 (I see her often in my dreams :)
I wish I saw her in my daily life,
And had her for my own true, perfect wife.

SWEET AND COY.

SHE always turns her look askance
When I would ask her for the dance ;
 And yet she is my heart's best joy,
 My little maiden sweet and coy.

She speaks to some one else, perverse,
And seems from speech with me averse ;
 And yet she is my heart's best joy,
 My little maiden sweet and coy.

She gives away the flowers I give,
Or cares not if they die or live ;
 And yet she is my heart's best joy,
 My little maiden sweet and coy.

She slightly treats the ring I gave,
And only laughs when I look grave ;
 And yet she is my heart's best joy,
 My little maiden sweet and coy.

She will not hear me speak of love,
But shrinks away like fluttering dove ;
 And yet she is my heart's best joy,
 My little maiden sweet and coy.

Could I but guess and truly find
The way to know her inward mind,
 And learn if all this coyness be
 A mere pretence to baffle me,
While 'neath it is the sweetness I
Still hope I may believe to lie
 Ensconced within her heart for me,
 I'd welcome let her be and free
To treat me as she will in play,
So she would once but frankly say :—
 “ I love thee, love, I do, in sooth ;
 Though seeming wayward, I'm in truth
Thine own ; I'll be thy heart's best joy,
Thy faithful wife, no longer coy.”

SURMISE.

WHAT would I give to surely know
 Whether he loves me, yes or no :
 Sometimes I fancy, surely yes ;
 Mostly, I fear, I wrongly guess.

What does he mean by looking bright
 When I act justly, well, and right,
 Smile in reply to what he says,
 Letting my eyes meet his clear gaze ?

What does he mean by looking grave
 When I with careless heed behave,
 Do my own way, speak without thought,
 Seem to ignore, set him at nought ?

Why does he give me cause to think
 Up go his spirits, down they sink,
 Just as I vary in my mood,
 Playing at bad, or seeming good ?

Why should his worship's humour sway
 Mine in whatever sportive way
 Shown in a freak or frolic whim ?
 Why care I what it seems to him ?

Why should I thus torment my brain,
 Give myself up to fret and pain,
 Seeking to find the very place
 Held by myself in his good grace ?

Why should it signify one jot,
Whether he loves me, loves me not?
I needn't care a straw or pin
Liking of his to lose or win.

If, as I think, my heart is free,
Why should I hope he cares for me?
No, I'll give up these questionings weak,
All about one who will not speak.

Yet I feel still that I would give
Half of the days I have to live,
Could I but find the certain clue
Leading to know he loves me true.

BENEATH THE PARENT ROOF.

DUET FOR BROTHER AND SISTER; WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF HERR NIELS GADE FOR HIM TO SET
TO MUSIC.

'Tis joy to sing a loving lay
As when in childhood's merry day
We sang it to the Parent ear
Beneath the Parent Roof.

'Tis joy to think that we may sing
It still together carolling
And still addressed to Parent ear
Beneath the Parent Roof.

An added joy doth now belong
To our united happy song:
Composed it is for Parent ear
Beneath the Parent Roof.

AND THEN.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

THE rest had wandered on : we were alone :
 The woods were still : no sound save Nature's
 breath :
 Till suddenly he spoke, in under-tone,
 Yet earnest, full of manly tenderness :
 And then he said,—I'll not say what he said.

He took my hand, and held it in his own :
 My heart beat fast ; I could not stir or speak ;
 Till, by his pleading words, now bolder grown,
 I let my hand return the pressure given :
 And then,—what then ?—I will not say what then.

He fondly drew me closer to his side ;
 I courage found to raise my eyes to his ;
 He read the truth I could no longer hide ;
 He saw my love for him met his for me :
 And then,—what then ?—I need not say what then.

AT LEAST.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

HE looked all joy to see me when we met ;
 His eyes expressed such pure, such deep delight,
 It seemed as if on me his heart was set,
 So bright they were, so eloquently bright :
 At least, I fancied so ; I'm not quite sure.

His smile was brilliant as the sunshine's ray
 When he with others talked in gossip gay ;
 His smile was happy when he looked my way,
 And seemed a thousand tender things to say :
 At least, I fancied so ; I'm not quite sure.

Since then we've met alone ; and, oh, he said
 Some words assuring me of truest love ;
 (The thought of them now floods my cheeks with
 red)
 He said I was to him all else above :
 At least he said so, and I feel quite sure.

OF COURSE.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

I FANCIED once—no matter what I thought—

It was a foolish fancy, that of mine,
So let it pass, and pass to simple fact :

I hear he loves my cousin Caroline—

Of course I'm glad ; then wherefore are these
tears ?

I used to think he liked to come and read,

Or talk, or wander in our garden here ;
But now I find he oftener goes to theirs,

And spends his time with one to him so dear—

Of course I'm glad ; then wherefore are these
tears ?

'Tis said the wedding now will soon take place ;

The village smiles in preparation gay ;
Friends, neighbours, all will flock to see the sight :

Why do I wish that *I* could be away ?—

Of course I'm glad ; then wherefore are these
tears ?

WELL, WELL.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

HE harshly taunted me in terms quite bluff,
 He would not listen to a single word ;
 I flung away from him in angry huff,
 What could I do, when he was so perverse ?
 Well, well ; I cannot wish it otherwise.

I've never seen him since that wretched day ;—
 He's never sent, or called, or tried to meet ;—
 And now I hear that he is gone away,
 Without a message, note, or e'en a card !
 Well, well ; I cannot wish it otherwise.

I call in vain upon my woman's pride,
 And try to think it's best now as it is ;
 But yet, somehow, I miss him from my side :
 It may be years before we meet again !
 Ah, well ! I wish it I could be otherwise.

ANOTHER TIME.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

I WONDER why my handsome cousin Harry
 Has never,—that I know,—seen fit to marry.
 I asked him flatly why, the other day ;
 He only answered, as he turned away,
 " No matter now ; another time."

I wonder whether he has ever seen
 The girl he could enthrone in heart his queen ;
 I'm half inclined to ask him if he e'er
 Met one ; but he might answer, with a stare,
 " No matter now ; another time."

And really, after all, I have no right
 To put such questions to him ; well he might
 Turn on me bluffly, and refuse point blank
 To answer ; worse than his evasive prank,
 " No matter now ; another time."

I know who I should like to find has had
 His heart from ever since he was a lad ;
 His love for her the cause he did not marry :
 I then could bear it said by cousin Harry,
 " No matter now ; another time."

IF SO.

SONG: IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

THEY say that he's inconstant, fickle, light,
 And knows not how to nobly, truly love ;
 They say he looks on trifling as his right,
 And makes a point of fooling womankind :
 If so,—but no,—I'll ponder what I'll do.

They say he flirts with odious Lady Jane,
 And plays at making love to Alice Green ;
 They say he cares no jot for giving pain,
 But wins, then wounds a heart, to pass the time :
 If so,—but no,—I'll ponder what I'll do.

Yet, after all, he may be good and true ;
 It may be only slander this they say :
 I wish—oh, how I wish—I surely knew
 That he indeed is all he seems to me :
 If so,—but no,—I'll ponder what I'll do.

FOR ONCE.

SONG : IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN " STORNELLO."

You take too many freedoms, sir, d'ye know ;
 You took my fan and waved it to and fro,
 You furled, unfurled it, far, yes, far too long ;
 In fact, you did so, sir, all through my song :
 For once, I pass it o'er ; but don't repeat.

You take more freedoms than I can allow :
 You took the flower I wore, and have it now ;
 At least, you've not returned it to me yet,
 And who can tell what treatment it may get ?
 For once, I pass it o'er ; but don't repeat.

You take these freedoms with an air of right :
 You took my hand and held it clasped so tight
 I thought you thought of kissing it perchance ;
 But, happily, we then were called to dance :
 For once, I pass it o'er ; but don't repeat.

A LOVER'S MUSING.

WHY can I not resist her smile ?
 My very soul it doth beguile :
 Why can I not resist her eyes ?
 They take my heart by sweet surprise :
 Ah, were she true as she is fair !

Why can I not resist her voice ?
 It makes e'en gravity rejoice :
 Why can I not resist her charm ?
 It surely means delight, not harm :
 Perchance she is as true as fair.

Why should she not be true as fair ?
 To doubt her truth how can I dare ?
 Am *I* so perfect that I must
 Expect perfection ? No, I'll trust :
 I will believe she's true as fair.

LADY KATE.

IF thou could'st guess my depth of love untold,
 Or know its truth, its fervour passionate,
 Would'st thou remain, as now thou art, so cold,
 Sweet Lady Kate, fair frozen Lady Kate?

But while thou look'st so icy, so reserved,
 I will not show the ardour that I feel ;
 I'll keep my secret steadily preserved,
 Sweet Lady Kate, and nothing I'll reveal.

Yet if I could believe beneath that snow
 There lurks a little spark that might some day
 Be kindled into genial answering glow,
 Sweet Lady Kate, I know what I would say.

I'd let my love find eloquence so clear,
 It should express the secret of my heart ;
 To thee it should in all its truth appear :
 Sweet Kate, thou then would'st learn how dear
 thou art.

THOU COMEST NOT.

THE nightingales are singing in the grove,
 The leaves are rustling whispers in the trees ;
 I hear the lowing of the homeward drove,
 The distant sound is wafted on the breeze :
 And yet thou comest not, my love !

The twilight deepens into darker shade,
 The trees their greenness sombre into brown ;
 The landscape doth to indistinctness fade,
 All objects round me seem in gloom to frown :
 For yet thou comest not, my love !

Some direful misadventure may detain
 Thee from my straining, longing, aching sight ;
 My beating heart throbs heavily with pain,
 The evening dusk has changed to murky night :
 And still thou comest not, my love !

Those nightingales still singing in the grove
 Upon my anxious listening ears now chafe ;
 Prevented, or in peril, dost thou rove ?
 E'en this suspense I bear, so thou art safe !
 But, oh ! thou comest not, my love !

THE LAND OF DELIGHT.

I've been there in a dream, dear,
And passing fair 't did seem, dear ;
Wilt thou go there with me, dear ?
 They call it the Land of Delight.

I've been there while awake, dear,
'Tis thou it fair did make, dear ;
I have been there with thee, dear,
 I've found it the Land of Delight.

'Tis where Love reigns supreme, dear,
A truth, and no mere dream, dear ;
Two hearts knit firm in one, dear,
 Aye dwell in the Land of Delight.

HOW FAR?

“ How far wilt thou go with me, little wife ?
 Wilt venture, for my sake, across the seas ? ”
 “ For you, love, with you,” said brave little wife,
 “ As far as you will, wherever you please.”

And true to her word was brave little wife—
 Together they crossed the perilous seas ;
 She helped him to bear the buffets of life,
 And made of his home a haven of peace.

From first to the last she showed her true worth ;
 Through life she went with him, still hand in
 hand :
 And when it pleased Heaven to take him from
 earth,
 She followed him soon to the Happier Land.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I've seen thee sweetly, fondly free ;
I've seen thee kind as kind could be ;
I've seen thee give thyself to me :
 But then, 'twas in a dream, lady.

I've seen thee anything but free ;
I've seen thee cold as cold could be ;
I've seen thee turn away from me :
 But that was *not* in dream, lady.

I worship thee awake, asleep ;
I love thee with a love so deep
I'd have thee mine for aye to keep :
 But mine as in my dream, lady.

SIDE BY SIDE.

UPON the grass beneath the trees,
In courting days gone by,
We sat together happily,
My lover dear and I :
Still hand in hand and side by side.

Within our cosy cottage home,
When work is all put by,
We sit together restfully,
My husband dear and I :
Still hand in hand and side by side.

And as the years go on and on,
Until life's latest day,
May we together granted be
From earth to heaven to pass away :
Still hand in hand and side by side.

GONE BY.

WHERE, oh, where are those shining rays
That sparkled along on the river?
Gone, gone by, like those happy days
Spent by the flowing river.

Where, oh, where are those gather'd flowers
That floated away on the river?
Gone, gone by, like those happy hours
Spent by the flowing river.

Where, oh, where are the cloudlets white
Reflected so fair in the river?
Gone, gone by, like the moments bright
Spent by the flowing river.

Where, oh, where do my sad thoughts fly
While wand'ring thus by the river?
Up, up there, in the peaceful sky,
Not in the flowing river.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

LITTLE timid bird,
May I not be heard
 When I whisper low
 That I love thee so,
 I cannot live without thee, sweet.

Little gentle dear,
With thy look so clear,
 Listen why I tell
 How I love thee well,
 And cannot live without thee, sweet.

Little darling dove,
Wilt thou be my love ?
 Answer with thy look,
 It shall be my book
 To read thou grant'st me life, my sweet.

SONG.—COMING AGAIN.

BESIDE the softly lapsing stream,
 Indulging many a hopeful dream,—
 As now,—I often lonely stray
 Still thinking of that happy day
 He told me he would come again.

He said so then, and I believed,
 I felt I could not be deceived :
 And still I trust and still believe ;
 But can I help it if I grieve
 To think he's not yet come again ?

I trust, because I know he's true ;
 If you could know him, so would you :
 His looks, his voice, proclaim his faith ;
 Oh, who can doubt him when he saith :
 “ I promise you to come again.”

I languish for him, I confess ;
 I'm growing thin and pale,—well, yes :
 But never do I once give way,
 Or fail to cheerful seem and gay :
 For said he not he'd come again ?

I can thus smile, e'en sing a song,
Though he is absent,—ah, how long!—
By hoarding at my heart the thought
He meant it when he said unsought :—
“ Be sure, my love, I'll come again.”

See, see ! What's that beyond the stream ?
The vision of my hopeful dream :
A horseman over there appears ;
He's riding fast,—he nears, he nears !
He told the truth, he's come again !

CHRISTMAS SONG.

THERE is a bough with berries red,
 Its leaves are thorny at the ends :
 It seems as if it brightly said :
 “ I’m sharp, but I am friendly, Friends.

“ My berries, with their scarlet glow,
 My leaves of brilliant glossy sheen,
 Present a wondrous magic show,—
 Make Winter Spring by red and green.”

There is a bough with berries white,
 Its leaves are curved and smoothly neat ;
 It looks as though ’twere harmless quite,
 A thing of innocence complete.

But, maidens dear, this warning mind ;
 Trust not the faithless bough, I pray :
 Beneath it stand, and you will find,
 Your lips the penalty must pay.

ABSENCE.

I TRY to bear thy absence, dear,
 I tell myself 'twill not be long ;
 I try to think our meeting near,
 And then I fancy I am strong :
 But, oh, I miss thee, love ! ay, more and more.

I miss thee through the weary days,
 Thy sympathy, thy cheerful talk,
 Thy genial, earnest, kindly ways,
 In morning work, in evening walk :
 Ah, yes, I miss thee, love ! ay, more and more.

Still more and more, and ever more,
 I miss thy tender minist'ring ;
 E'en now, beyond whate'er before,
 I feel thy absence keenly sting :
 Ah, yes, I miss thee, love ! ay, more and more.

I strive to bravely bear my pain :
 At times I can some courage find ;
 At others,—“ *Shall* we meet again ? ”
 Comes cruelly across my mind :
 Ah, yes, I miss thee, love ! ay, more and more.

This cruel doubt I firmly thrust
 Away for thy dear sake, my sweet ;
 I foster hope, I cherish trust,
 I *will* believe that we shall meet :

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Ay, lay it with me in the grave,
'Twas all of him that I could save :
A lock of hair from his dear head,
'Twas sever'd thence when he lay dead.

Blest be the hand that sent it me,
I've kept it ever sacredly—
It has been of mine own life a part,
I've worn it ever next my heart.

And when there comes my time to die,
Let it upon my bosom lie
In tender closeness to my breast,
That thus we may together rest.

Together rest, and then decay,
To dust and ashes pass away :
Meanwhile, I trust, our souls, apart from clay,
May know together an immortal day.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

ONCE on a time, I had a little flower ;
 I wore it a whole evening in my hair
 (A loved and loving hand had placed it there),
 And then I put it in my pocket-book,
For Love's sake.

Long years have passed, and I've had many a
 flower
 To deck my room, to give to friends, to wear,
 To brighten with their presence hours of care ;
 But that one flower was in my pocket-book,
For Love's sake.

And now I'm old, I have my little flower—
 The hair in which 'twas worn is ashy grey—
 Its cherished donor Heaven hath ta'en away,
 But still his flower is in my pocket-book,
For Love's sake.

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“Concordance to Shakspere”

ARE REQUESTED TO PRESERVE THEREIN THIS PAPER.

THE mode of spelling “Shakspere” was used, when printing my Concordance to the great poet’s plays, in deference to the wish of Mr. Charles Knight, its original publisher; otherwise I should have used the form [Shakespeare] which I have always adopted, because it was the one given in the First Folio Edition of his dramatic works by its superintenders and his brother-actors Heminge and Condell. The name is also given thus in the First Edition of his Sonnets; and it seems to have been the orthography used in print where his name was given during his lifetime. That as many as sixteen different modes of spelling the name have been found to have been used at the epoch when he wrote, and that he himself did not adhere to any particular one when signing his name, appears to be merely in accordance with a fashion of the time, which allowed of the utmost irregularity in the orthography of men’s names.

The above affords an explanation of the reason why my “Concordance to Shakespeare” bears on its title-page a form of orthography varying from the one which is given in our “Shakespeare Key” (which forms the companion volume to the Concordance) and all the other works upon this subject written by my beloved husband and myself.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA,

January, 1881.

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